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LYRICS FROM THE OPERETTA
THE LAST REVOLUTION

I
OPENING CHORUS

(Sung by the Housemaids).

O, we're the maids,
The maids that clean the pots and pans;
We dust off shades,
And peel potatoes, open cans,
Make master's bed, smoothe madam's dress —
And tidy up the Nation's mess.

Then shout a hip, hip for us,
The merry housemaids' chorus!
Don't be surprised to be advised
That we are strongly organized.

And don't forget
We housemaids are not little fools —
And, we should fret!
We work to stringent union rules.
We do not kiss milady's glove;
We're free to live and laugh and love.

Then shout a hip, hip for us,
The merry housemaids' chorus!
Nor be surprised nor scandalized
That housemaids should be organized.

II
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

(Sung by the five capitalists)

When Trotsky and his bunch began creating
Revolution, soviets, and worse than that.
And commisars began expropriating,
And we learned about the proletariat...

Our fellow-bankers called it rape and slaughter
But to us it simply meant that there was one
New Firm across the water —
A solid-looking firm across the water;
We could see, we could see, we could see,
We could see that there was business to be done.

For business is business and wares are wares;
The banner of trade is still unfurled...
And we're capitalist concessionaires
In a communistic world.

We soon had juicy contracts and concessions
And we gladly helped that communistic crew —
And we'll say, without indulging in confessions,
That we heaped up fancy fortunes at it too.
When friends accused us of committing treason
To Capital, we let them have their say,
Unmoved by such a reason —
Not touched by such a silly little reason;
We were simp, we were simp, we were simp,
We were simply better business men than they.

For business is business, etc.

Of course we didn't like it for a minute
When the Revolution started to repeat
In other lands — But there was money in it,
So we put each new republic on its feet.
But communism spread — it seemed to tickle —
From Java to the tall Alaskan woods,
And now we're in a pickle..
By Geminiy we're in an awful pickle,
For we can't, Oh we can't, no we can't,
No we can't find any market for our goods.
For business is business, etc.

NOBLE, NOBLE PLUTES

(Sung by Bishop Bunk, Senator Bunk, Judge Bunk
and General Bunk)

See the plutes at their noble task,
Guiding with God our tangled lives;
Reward in Heaven they do not ask, —
Only this world for them and their wives.
Without the work of each mighty brain,
Alert, competitive and discreet,
No grass would grow, no fruit and no grain,
And no one would have any bread to eat.

O, noble, noble, beneficent Plutes,
Competing so dutifully every hour,
Yours the glory and yours the power!
Yours labor and all its fruits
Dutiful, beautiful, plutiful Plutes.

All their hearts are just oozing love.
How much they'd rather plow or rake
Than rest on thrones set high above
Taking what workers have sweated to make.
The Plute he hates to whip kids to work.
He weeps for every poor workingman —
But duty's call he doesn't dare shirk,
And competition is God's own plan.

O, noble, noble.

Sad to toil till the day is done,
Walled in a factory dull and gray,
And sad to stand in the scorching sun
Plowing the stubborn earth all day.
But fearful, fearful beyond the rest

The life the Plutocrats have to lead!
Forever on the profiteers' quest,
And shackled forever to gain and greed!
O, noble, noble, etc.

IV

THE LAW OF SUPPLY AND DEMAND

(Sung by the Capitalists)

Attila when raiding was a bold if heartless thief,
But nowadays we've civilized such things beyond
belief,
We take the people's bread away, but Oh, for reasons
grand;
It's all because of the Economic Law of Supply and
Demand.
It's all because of the Economic Law of Supply and
Demand.

We own the rice and taters, and we own the grain and
meat,
And O, we cannot help it if the people choose to eat.
It's true we ask our profit — but only at the command
Of God's own lovely Economic Law of Supply and
Demand.
The Lord's particular Economic Law of Supply and
Demand.

The monkey in the jungle has never heard of rent
And satisfies his hunger without a single cent;
But needy men and women must pay for food and land;
We soak them with the Economic Law of Supply and
Demand.
We wallop them with the Economic Law of Supply
and Demand.

When all the jobs are taken and food is dear as sin.
And workers rudely murmur: Where the hell do we
come in?—
O, do not yield to anger; turn them off with the
answer bland;
Blame everything on the Economic Law of Supply and
Demand.
Why not?
Blame everything on the Economic Law of Supply and
Demand.

V

THE BOSS

(Sung by the Rebel Workers)

There's a man in our shop who despises play
And he's heart and soul for the twelve-hour day
And he simply hates the thought of pay.
You said it,
He's the boss.

O, the boss! O, the boss!
All of us love our boss.
And, wouldn't it be a loss
If they took our boss away.

There's a railroading man living up the track
Who is gay when things for the rest look black, —
And a strike to him means double jack.
Yes brother,
He's a scab.

O, the scab! O, the scab!
Everyone loves the scab!
And wouldn't we all feel drab
If they took our scabs away.

There's a gink with whom the managers like to chat,
And he has the look of a slant-eyed rat,
And you never know just where he's at.

You know him.

He's the spy.

O, the spy! O, the spy!

Gosh how we love that guy!

And wouldn't it make us cry

If they took our spies away.

VI

FACTORY WHISTLES

(Sung by a rebel worker)

A bird may sing of beauty's sting,
Bathed in the sun-dried air,
Sing clear and free to bush and tree
And to nature everywhere...
But men hear only the far, cold, lonely
Factory whistles blow,
And know the thrall of that iron call
Bidding them come and go.

VII

THE HENRY, HENRY DUBB

(Sung by the chorus of Henry Dubbs)

O, the Henry Dubb, he leads a grand old life;
He has nothing to do, both he and his wife,
But to keep on working from cradle to grave —
And a hump on his back is all he can save.
But though he be starving and out of a job
He'll have nothing to do with that radical mob —
You can't fool Henry, he's slick and he's sly
And he'll soak any soakalist who tries to tell him
why.

O, I'm the Henery, I'm the Henery, I'm the Henery,
Henry Dubb—

My back is strong but I'm weak in the head.

I love my masters' flub-de-rub-de-rub,

I'd rather eat speeches than good rye bread.

I feel it a privilege to grub, grub, grub

And that's why they call me the dub, dub, dub...

They call me the Henry Dubb.

O, the Henry Dubb believes all that he's told;

He thinks politicians have hearts of gold,

And that for all evils the antidote

Is in simply remembering how he should vote.

Though after each hopeful election day

They just kick Henry's pants in the merry old way- but

You can't fool Henry, he's slick and he's sly,

And he'll soak any soakalist who tries to tell him
why.

O, I'm the Henery, I'm the Henery, etc.

O, the Henry Dubb, he dreams of heaven a lot.

If he starves here on earth up there he will not.

He is always quoting how preachers have said

That the Lord loves the workers... when they are dead.

So he prays and prays till his knees become sore, —

And the preachers get fatter while he remains poor...
but

You can't fool Henry, he's slick and he's sly

And he'll soak any soakalist who tries to tell him
why.

O, I'm the Henery, I'm the Henery, etc

THANK YOU KIND MASTERS

(Sung by the Dubbs)

Thank you kind masters for all you have done
To make our lot easier under the sun.
You've left us our arms and legs, flesh bone and
sinew,—
And failing these royal gifts could we continue
To labor and live and bring you the mon?
O, Gawd no, how could we?

(Capitalists):

Good people all, don't mention it.
We know my friends that a man is a man
And we're always glad to do what we can —
Yes — business allowing — to do what we can.

(Dubbs):

But thank you kind masters again and again
For deigning to notice such crude lowly men
And deigning to notice our straining and trying
And paying us wages to keep us from dying...
How could we remain unappreciative then?
O, Gawd no, how could we?

(Capitalists).

Good people all, etc.

I'VE NEVER, NEVER BEEN A BOLSHEVIST

(Sung by Lemuel Crimpers, labor misleader)

I've been a sad if soulful sinning person,
I've gazed upon the grape when it was red;
Often I've beaten wives and cast my curse on
An infant lying sleeping in its bed.

I've smoked, I've sworn, — It's easy to abuse me -
There's not a crime my miserable soul has missed.
But the good Recording Angel will excuse me
For he knows I've never been a Bolshevist.

Hibernism and priapism and euphemism and aphorism:
These are the only isms that for me have had a lure —
Nepotism and helotism and aneurism and rheumatism...
But as to naughty bolshevism, I'm pure, pure, pure.

I fall for almost any real temptation.
I'd beg or steal or murder if it paid,
And it is my delight and recreation
To assault some weak old man or helpless maid.
But yet the priests will grant me absolution,
For I've not joined those anarchistic curs
who hissed
And who sought to undermine our Constitution —
No, I've never, never been a bolshevist.

Hibernism and, etc.

Folks say I haven't brought the least
improvement
To the workers whom I loudly swore to help;
They say that I've disgraced the labor movement,
And been a pretty sorry sort of whelp.
Accused I am of fraud, and I'm aware that
They call me every evil-sounding name on the list
But the worst of all my enemies will swear that
I've never, never, never been a bolshevist.

Hibernism and priapism and optimism and pessimism,
These are the only isms that for me have had a lure —
Syllogism and mysticism and aneurism and rheumatism.
But as to naughty bolshevism, I'm pure, pure, pure.

THE RED DAWN

(Sung by a rebel worker)

Though the earth is upheaving 'in thunder
And the mad flaming heavens fall
And the cities are cleft wide asunder
And the cannon rules over all;
Though the sun is darkened with murder
And the people's heart quakes in fear,
Yet Gold, hear the comrades singing,
The red, red dawn is near.

Though the whips of the masters still flay us
And we eat bitter bread of slaves;
Though leaders on leaders betray us
And we rot in our factory graves;
Though the State strikes us down for your glory
And the sky of our faith seems drear,
Yet Gold, hear the comrades still singing
The red, red dawn is near.

Though your throne seems as firm as the mountains
And the good and the wise kiss your feet;
Though the pulpits still pour oily fountains
To praise you and scent you sweet;
Though the flags of the nations enfold you
And the lords of the earth hold you dear,
Yet Gold, hear the comrades still singing
The red, red dawn is near.

XI

HYMN NUMBER 7,308,421

(With apologies to Joe Hill)

Praise the Lord that alive we remain
And are able to struggle and strain.

We are surely the fortunate hicks,
With our cute little crowbars and picks.

In the sweet bye and bye
We will live in the land above the sky.
Work and pray; live on hay;
There'll be pie in the sky when we die.

We repeat Holy Jesus, we're glad
To be living, though life may be sad.
For a funeral is something immense
And we could not afford the expense.

In the sweet bye and bye
We will live rent free above the sky.
Work and pray; live on hay;
There'll be pie in the sky when we die.

Lord of Hosts may our dear bosses dine
On the choicest of meats and of wine!
Place the finest deserts on their plate —
As for us, we are strong and can wait.

We will eat bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky...
Work and pray; live on hay;
We'll get pie in the sky when we die.

We believe and have always believed
In the things that we never received.
True, our children are hungry and thin,
But we know to object would be sin.

They will eat bye and bye
In that glorious land above the sky...
Work and pray; live on hay;
They'll be pie in the sky when they die.

CAPITAL AND LABOR

(Sung by Lemuel Crimpers)

I want you all to understand
That Labor should go hand in hand
With Capital.

You've often heard the rich proclaim
Our interests are the very same
As Capital's.

And so no worker should be cross
Or worry or annoy his boss
And be the cause of any loss
To Capital.

That's why you should refuse to hold debate
With men who counsel you to thoughts of hate.

Workers:

But questions of wages have troubled for ages
And now are beginning to irk
And memory sours when we think of the hours
As well as conditions of work.

Crimpers:

'Tis true, if well my memory suits,
We have had several small disputes
With Capital.
But things like that should not affect
Our love and reverent respect
For Capital.

Mere quarrels in the family,
They simply show, as you must see,
How well our interests agree
With Capital's.

Though kicks and beatings be our lot in life
It all must pass as though twixt man and wife.

Workers: But questions of wages, etc.

Crimpers:

I'm grieved to see you take that rude
And most ungrateful attitude

To Capital.

For will see before I end
That Labor has no better friend
Than Capital.

Who is it owns the big machines,
Most kindly offering you the means
Of eking out your pork and beans?

It's Capital.

And so I must admit that I dislike
To see misguided workers go on strike.

Though questions of wages have troubled for ages
And perhaps are beginning to irk
And your memory sours when you think of the hours
As well as conditions of work.

ONLY A HARVARD MILLIONAIRE

(Sung by Henry Cabot Van Dam)

O, Mr Trentini

You're only a guinea

And it may seem strange to you
That a millionaire,

A concessionaire,

Should never know what to do.

My partners are bustling and eager and hustling
And wonderful in their ways;

Though they may be queer they can persevere

Wherever the business pays...

Wherever the business pays...

But I am only a Harvard millionaire,
 A Harvard millionaire,
 A Harvard millionaire;
 Blue blood within my veins doth flow;
 My father died and left me dough...
 And that is the only thing I know,
 For I'm only a Harvard millionaire.
 That's so,
 I'm only a Harvard millionaire.

Now Mr. Trentini,
 Though only a guinea,
 There are things that you can do,
 And a millionaire,
 A concessionaire,
 Could probably do them too.
 But I'm such a flipper a good coupon clipper
 Is all that I am able to be,
 Though I have my wealth
 And comparative health
 And a genuine Harvard degree,
 A genuine Harvard degree..

For I am only, etc.

XIV

A MATRON OF THE BOURGEOISIE
 (Sung by Mrs. Hawkins-Pierpont)

It seems that from my very birth
 Creation recognized my worth
 And put all lesser things aside,
 For when as first I opened wide
 My tiny mouth to breathe the air,
 A silver spoon was lying there.

I've always had enough to eat;
 Bejewelled slippers deck my feet;
 My hats are gay with ostrich quills,
 My gowns — Who doesn't praise them?
 My father used to pay the bills
 And now my husband pays them.

For I am a matron of the bourgeoisie,
 The wifey of a Pillar of Society.
 I'm elegant and grand
 I'll have you understand...
 No instrument of vulgar toil has touched my lily hand.
 A regiment of bowing servants waits on me,
 I have to have a lady's maid to pour my tea.
 For work would never do, you see,
 For a matron of the bourgeoisie.

You know my husband never stops
 Discussing factories and shops
 And income, profits, trade and rent
 And things at such and such per cent,
 Until my very senses whizz, —
 How interesting business is!
 My dear — if it were quite the thing —
 I'd almost feel like venturing

In gold or silver mining or
 Some other business bubbles —
 That's if it only were not for
 Those hateful "labor troubles."

For I am a matron, etc.

Perhaps you think that care and woe
 Are things we ladies never know,

That all our days pass lightly by
Without a single tear or sigh.
Ah if you only understood
The trials of bourgeoisie matronhood!
The dressmakers who're late with gowns!
The butlers who are awkward clowns!
And — Oh, the mere thought brings a tear,
My voice grows tense and fervent —
How terrible it is, my dear,
To be without a servant!

For I am a matron, etc.

XV
**MORGANVILLE IS TUMBLING
DOWN**

(Sung by a chorus of Juniors)

Dad has always been a dub;
He's a skit, we admit.
He often goes without his grub
— And thanks the Lord for it.
He says that only selfish men
Think of bread. He's no red.
But Junior's something else again
You can bet your head.

Morganville is tumbling down, tumbling down,
tumbling down,
Morganville is tumbling down,
My fine lady.

Hunger is the daily lot
Of all of us. But when we cuss,
Our paw declares that it is not

Polite to make a fuss.
He says that folks might get a hunch
And possibly think that we
Were quite a discontented bunch...
And they'd be right, by Geel

Morganville is tumbling down, tumbling down,
tumbling down,
Morganville is tumbling down,
My fine lady.

Junior's diffrent from his dad,
And that goes strong, believe our song;
He thinks, where workers are in bad
Something must be wrong
So, while the Old Man spouts a prayer
All over town (The crazy clown!)
Young Junior sets himself to tear
This whole damn System down.

Morganville is tumbling down, tumbling down,
crashing down,
Morganville is tumbling down
My fine lady.

XVI
**WITH HAND AND BRAIN AND
A GOOD MACHINE**

(Sung by rebel workers)

Workmen tempered in the fiery will
Of those fierce furnaces we know and tend,
Steeled in factory, mine and mill,
And drilled and disciplined to one sure end
What do we need, with our art and skill,
But tools and the steady strength to spend?

— 18 —

With hand and brain and a good machine,
What need we reck of the master's spleen?

With hand and brain and a good machine,
O what do we care for the masters' spleen?

Ours is the courage that blasts the rock
And ours the hardihood that tames the tides;
Stout we stand to the storm and shock
Atop the steeple where the wild wind rides.
Then what if the masters gibe and mock
If ours the hand the lever guides?

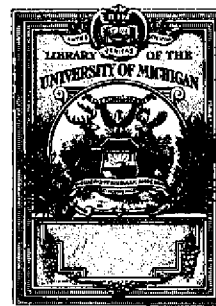
While we can harvest the wheat and corn
What do we care for the boss's scorn?

While we can harvest the wheat and corn
O, why do we stand for the bosses' scorn?

Out of misery and bitter pain
We forge the spirit of a great emprise;
Toil has steadied us, hand and brain,
And years of suffering have made us wise.
Then what of the fat-bellied gods of gain,
If we have strength and the will to rise?

If we can plan and create and mold
What do we need of the bosses' gold?

If we can plan and create and mold
O, what do we care for the bosses' gold.
With hand and brain and a good machine
We can simply laugh at the bosses' spleen.



THE
LABADIE
COLLECTION

ACQUIRED 1912